

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 902.

## CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

A TALE.—Continued.

As she said this, a second spasm seized her, and the powers of articulation totally failed. The physician, who had been sent for, at that moment entered the apartment, and I was hurried out. A messenger was soon afterwards dispatched for Mr. Darnley. The humane doctor C—invited me to his house; and I readily accepted the invitation, as he informed me it was not proper I should be in the room. This worthy man who was the friend, as well as physician, to Mrs. Darnley, had always treated me with a peculiar degree of tenderness and regard; and I had frequently discovered, that I was the subject of their conversation, upon unexpectedly entering the room. With streaming eyes, and heart half broken, I implored him to tell me whether he thought my benefactress could live. "Your aunt, (said he,) my dear boy, is in a very precarious situation; and, unfortunately, the disease arises from the mind."

"You know then, Sir, whom I am, (I exclaimed with eagerness;) and, perhaps, can tell me why I was not suffered to call her aunt!" "I will be your friend whilst I live; but ask me no questions at the present moment," he replied, taking me affectionately by the hand.

Consoling as was the assurance of Doctor C—'s friendship, yet it did not diminish that curiosity inherent in the human mind; and young as I was, I felt its effects acting so powerfully, that, to have gratified its longing impulse, I would willingly have consented to work for my bread. For three days and nights I was kept in a state of torture; hope and fear alternately reigned, and though Doctor C—gave but slight encouragement to the former sensation, yet I could not help flattering myself with the idea, that my ardent prayers would be received, and that the friend of my infancy would be spared to protect the creature whom she had so fondly reared. Delusive were those hopes; vain was the supplications which, in the fulness of my heart, I offered up to the Throne of Grace; for, eager to burst the bonds which had so painfully confined it, her spotless spirit took its flight.

The recent traces of sorrow upon the worthy physician's countenance, too plainly imparted the melancholy truth. "Poor boy! (said he, observing my agitation;) your tenderly attached friend is gone; but you must comfort yourself, by reflecting, that she will receive the reward of a well spent life. I have promised (continued he) to become your protector, and most sacredly will I fulfil my word; but Darnley is a character which must be cautiously dealt with; for you are too much in his power."

Grief for the loss of my benefactress so entirely occupied all my faculties, that every spark of curiosity vanished from my mind; and the only notice I paid this observation, was a violent flood of tears. Though a messenger had been dispatched for Darnley, he did not arrive until within a few minutes of his wife's death, who from the time of the fit having seized her, never recovered the

power of speech. She once, it is true, had endeavoured to articulate, and motioned to have a bunch of keys brought; and pointing to a profile of mine, which hung over the chimney, she attempted to select a key from the string; but a sudden faintness overwhelmed her, and no trace of recollection ever afterwards appeared. From this circumstance, however, Doctor C—conjectured, that she was going to intrust him with some papers which would have been of consequence to me, and he had carefully concealed the keys for the purpose of examining a small cabinet in which he imagined they were kept. This intention, however, Darnley completely frustrated, by demanding the keys the moment her breath had fled, and at the same time ordering the cabinet to be carried into his own room.

That sagacious maxim which says, "Never defer till to-morrow that which can be done to-day," in this instance proved of the highest importance; for the neglect of it was the means of casting a shade over my whole life; for had Doctor C—availed himself of the keys whilst in his possession, the important secret of my birth would have been fully known.

Though Darnley was informed, by his servants, that the worthy physician had taken me to his house; but he never made the slightest inquiry after me, or even gave orders that mourning should be prepared. This mark of delicate respect to the memory of my benefactress, however, was unnecessary; for Doctor C—undertook to furnish me with every necessary article of dress; and a few days after the funeral, he proposed my accompanying him to Mr. Darnley's. Averse as I felt to this visit, I knew it was a mark of respect which I ought to pay; besides, it was from Darnley alone that I could become acquainted with my future destiny, which I was peculiarly anxious to know. The servant informed us he was in the garden; we met him at the spot where that fatal letter had been found, which had exposed to my view the blackness of his intention, and the innate depravity of his heart.

"I have brought poor Henry to see you, (said my kind conductor;) he was anxious to inquire after your health." "Poor indeed, (replied the wretch in a contemptuous accent.) Still, as he was a favorite with my wife, I shall not withdraw my protection from him until he is able to earn his own bread. When does your school commence? (he inquired in an authoritative accent, without even deigning to look at me whilst he spoke;) these vacations (continued he, addressing himself to the physician) actually destroy the good effect of schools; and I do not intend, for the future, to let that boy come home at all."

Doctor C—differed from Darnley's opinion; and observed, that relaxation from study added vigour to the mind; and that children who were not in the habit of visiting their relations, seldom felt the force of affection or esteem. I was ordered to collect my books, and informed, that on Saturday a servant should attend me to school; and I received a kind of surly permission to spend the intervening time with my friend; who, in the kindest accents, desired me to leave him, as he wished to have a little conversation with Mr. D—. That I was to form the subject

of this conversation did not admit of a doubt; and with a heart palpitating between hope, fear, and expectation, I awaited my benevolent friend's return. The countenance of that worthy man was a true index of his feelings; and, upon entering the apartment where I was musing, I perceived, it ruffled to a degree. "Henry, (said he,) did Mrs. Darnley ever speak to you with confidence? Tell me every thing you know of your real situation, my dear boy."

I instantly related the conversation which had passed at our last interview.—"Apply to the Lord Chancellor!" (said he.) What, without any documents! and without even knowing where the register of your birth is to be found? Darnley assured me you are the illegitimate offspring of his wife's distant relation—far different is the account that ill-fated woman gave. However, (continued he,) we must for the present appear to give credit to his assertion; but I will spend five hundred pounds to establish your just claim." He then informed me, there was an old woman whom Darnley had sent into Scotland, who, my aunt had informed him, was present at her sister's marriage, and my birth; and that, for some private reason, my father had concealed his marriage from his family; which had taken place some months before he came of age; that he had been found murdered in a wood; that he had left Darnley my sole guardian; and that, after the death of my mother, he had propagated a report of her child's decease.

Previous to the worthy man's given me this intelligence, he made me solemnly swear not to reveal a sentence of what he was going to impart; informing me, that he considered Darnley in the light of so complete a villain, that, if he had the slightest idea of his intention of befriending me, his life would not be safe.

Young as I was my bosom glowed with indignation; and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh that I was but a man!" For the blood of my murdered father seemed to call loudly for vengeance; and I could not help thinking Darnley had been accessory to his death. Of my father's family, the worthy man had received but little intelligence. My aunt had merely informed him they were Americans, and resided at New-York; and for some unknown cause, the author of my existence was not upon terms with them when he died. Doctor C— informed me, it was his intention to write to a friend who resided at New-York, for the purpose of commissioning him to apprise my father's relations, that the report of my death was entirely false; and to lay open to them a scene of iniquity, blacker than the human mind is able to conceive. He likewise resolved to employ agents in different parts of Scotland, for the purpose of discovering whether Mrs. Macdonald was alive, which was the old servant, who, it has been observed, was present at my mother's marriage and at my birth. Again he pointed out the necessity of secrecy; told me he had rather treated me with the confidence due to manhood, than with the usual precaution necessary towards a child; but that knowing I was blessed with a good understanding, he had determined to put my prudence to the test.

\* See number 15, page first.

(To be Continued.)

To the Editor.

There is hardly any subject which has excited more attention, or called forth more severe animadversion, than the *fashions* of our celebrated Females for the last five years. Many persons who go back to the childhood of our parents for a standard of correctness, and who consequently, are but poor judges of what is right and proper in the fashionable world at the present day, assert that the methods which our fine ladies have adopted for displaying their various beauties, are not only inconsistent with the common dictates of prudence, but evince a total destitution of that "retiring modesty," which ought ever to be the most prominent feature of the female character. With much bitterness of sarcasm have they endeavoured to eradicate propensities, which appear to be inherent in the very nature of woman. They would deprive a lovely female of all her charms, and then ridicule her for the want of them—Is this just—is it acting agreeably to the golden rule of "*doing unto others as we should expect them to conduct towards us*?"—But, to notice the objections which are advanced by these sticklers for the customs of their ancestors: Are not those who are to be the immediate sufferers by any imprudencies, most likely to decide with correctness upon the quantum of cloathing which is necessary to protect them. If they believe a single garment of the slightest mush sufficient to protect from the inclemencies of a winter storm, ought we not rather to conclude that by long habit and regular, but moderate changes their constitutions are enabled to bear any severities of weather, and their once delicate frames too firm and vigorous to be injured by any unruly attack of the elements. Although we require considerable covering for our limbs, does this prove that their finely turned arms must also suffer from complete exposure? Who will not allow that a curve is the line of beauty; and can any one be so devoid of taste as to require them to envelope in gambrie, those slowly rising eminences which cause such bewitching undulations? This would be more than ever stoical indifference.

As to the custom of displaying those charms on all occasions, shall we assume the right of condemning it as indecorous and immodest, while those who are supposed to entertain a nicer sense of delicacy, suffer it to pass by without reprehension? Should we not think the Ladies wandered from their proper sphere were they to criticise our dress or behavior. Why then claim what we are unwilling to grant them? What if a few of them lose their reputations, and others their lives, this surely can be no concern of ours. When we are called upon either as moralists or physicians, it will then be proper to prescribe as the case may appear—but, until then, do let them trifle with their character, or sacrifice their health and constitutions, in any manner they may think most conducive to their present celebrity or future happiness.

Z.

## ANECDOTES.

A Person observed of a dentist, that he was extremely rich; "what's strange," said Mr. S—"as I know his means are only from hand to mouth!"

The proverb improved.—The proverb says, that "Idleness covers a man with rags." An Irish schoolmaster thought the sentence might be improved; in consequence of which, he wrote down for his pupil, "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

## ADDRESS TO PIETY.

Come, beautiful maid, offspring of Heav'n,  
To whom the cross of Faith was giv'n,  
With Truth to guide mankind;  
Creation's best and faithful friend,  
To me thy genial influence lend,  
And modulate my mind,

Th' unletter'd Indian, in his way,  
With idol gods still owns thy sway;  
With-hold not that from me;  
But keep my heart in thy controul;  
With moderation guide my soul,  
From superstition free.

How oft for thee, with phrenzied jars,  
Have nations clash'd in sanguine wars,  
And myriads lain in dust!  
And ah! what martyrs have there been  
For thee—whilst those who slew them, e'n  
Declar'd themselves were just!

Oh! teach me, then, to judge aright,  
Between the false and real light,  
That I may henceforth know,  
And fortify my mind to bear  
The various scenes in life's career,  
Of fortune and of woe.

## ON AN APRIL SUN-BEAM.

Thou bright, thou soul-reviving ray,  
Shall I thy smiles believe?  
Say, wilt thou reign in cloudless day,  
Or all my hopes deceive?

Ah, no! I dare not trust thy smiles;  
Deceitful flatterer, no:—  
For thou wilt lure me with thy wiles,  
And plunge me deep in woe.

So Fancy oft, with glowing hand,  
Paints life in bright array;  
O'er common scenes she waves her wand,  
But holds a short-lived sway.

Fancy's an April's sunny beam,  
That gilds our future hour;  
A false, deceitful, flattering dream;  
For real life's the show'r.

The spell is broke, the illusions fade,  
Our promis'd joys are o'er;  
The airy meteor sings in shade,  
And sets, to rise no more.

## RETROSPECTION.

Back, Mem'ry, trace the youthful scenes,  
When Pleasure bade my footsteps rove  
Beneath the verdant ever-greens  
That deck the walks of Arno's Grove.

Where infant fancy learnt to soar,  
Where friendship ripen'd into love;  
Back, Mem'ry, and those scenes explore  
Within the shade's of Arno's Grove.

Reclin'd beneath the spreading oak,  
Recall thy infant sports to view,  
The frequent smiles, the merry joke,  
Each pleasing scene thy childhood knew.

The level lawn, the gaudy grot,  
The glassy lake, the moss-grown sod;  
The elms, that shade the sacred spot;  
The spire that marks the house of God.

Back, Mem'ry, trace those peaceful scenes,  
When pleasure bade my footsteps rove  
Beneath the verdant ever-greens,  
That deck the walks of Arno's Grove.

REMARK.—If you can live free from want, and have wherewithal to do good, care for no more; the rest is but vanity.

## HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

From the Memoirs of

CHARLES LEE LEWES.

It is very aptly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that, notwithstanding the numbers who daily depart from the theatre of life, "*nobody is missed*," to no profession does this observation appear more analogous than to that of a player. One tragedian dies and another steps into his buskin: Mr. Suet drops, but Lord Duberly lives, and occasions as great a roar as ever. In short, our own experience is sufficient to convince us, that, in the profession of a player particularly, "*nobody is missed*"—

Linnet, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but he was informed it was under the controul of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to plays or any other amusements.

However notwithstanding this alarming and seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success.

Much elated with this encouragement, Linnet boldly pushed to the justice's house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves. This mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter! Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror.—'Tis proper to explain.

Then, thus it was:—"The comedy of *The Bold Stroke for a Wife* had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet resolved on this occasion to make a grand appearance, and put on the stage waiscoat he had worn in the *Colonel*, in one of the pockets of which was a letter, supposed to be sent by the *Colonel's* friend *Obadiah Prim*, on hearing that the real *Simon Pure* was actually come, which if not timely prevented must ruin the *Colonel's* design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

"There is a design formed to rob the house and cut your throat."—The justice rang his bell—a servant appeared—"Where is the man that brought this letter?" "In the hall, Sir," "Call him up directly." While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old Quorum read on—

"The gang whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more,"—here old Linnet made his appearance.—"Well, friend," says the Justice, "you belong to the gang: how many are there of you?" "We are fourteen in all, Sir." "Fourteen! and where are you all?"

"At Tool's, Sir,—at the Swan." "Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you and your tools presently." Many thanks, Sir;—Squire . . . . told me you would encourage us." "Aye, was it he sent you to my house?" "Yes, Sir."—"Well and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?" "We always begin about seven o'clock, Sir."—"You do! here Thomas, here, seize immediately this daring hardened villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan public house!"—"I did not think this of you," says the servant to Linnet. "What, do you know the fellow, Sirrah?"—"Yes, Sir, he is master of the play." "A player! and are you not an open and an avowed murder-



fer?" "O Lord Sir! what do you mean?" "Look at this letter, you hang dog! Did not you deliver this to me?" "Who can describe the innocent Linnell's astonishment upon the discovery of the mistake! "Oh, dear Sir, I beg your pardon, here is Squire's letter; I hope this will satisfy you." "Hold him! tell I see what's here."—On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with full permission for his performing; at the same time giving him this piece of wholesome advice—never to forget his part again.

## SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

*Which appeared in our last.*

I have conceiv'd a certain thought,  
Will your Enigma prove:  
But should it not with truth be fraught,  
I have but vainly strove.

'Tis true some few short years ago,  
That men, in time of need,  
Found a Great Coat, in rain or snow,  
An useful friend indeed.

But Fortue, envying its state,  
With changeful passion join'd,  
To tear from it the name of Great,  
Another name to find.

Robb'd of that ancient friend, its tail,  
A *Spencer* it became:  
Thus doth each wordly honor fail,  
And vanish like a name.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MAY 31, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week, of the following diseases, viz:—

Consumption 6, Convulsions 6, debility 2, decay 3, dropsy 2, drowned 2, typhus fever 2, hives 5, inflammation of the stomach 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 2, palsy 2, small-pox 3, worms 2, asthma, casuality, dysentery, intermitting fever, nervous fever, inflammation of the liver, sore throat, sudden death, ulcer, whooping cough, of each one—Men 19, women 12, boys 14, girls 6, total 51.

\*A child aged 2 years, in consequence of a burn.

Captain Bayne, arrived at Alexandria from Lisbon, informs, that on the 13th April, fell in with a British fleet, of 7 sail of the line and 2 frigates, under the command of Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, who had in tow the French ship *Maringo*, of 84 guns, commanded by Admiral Linois, and the *Belle Pool*, of 36 guns, from India, prizes to the above mentioned fleet.

When Admiral Linois was captured, he was returning to France richly laden with the spoils of a three years successful cruise.

**SUICIDE.**—Among the many instances of suicide, which we are frequently recording, we have heard of none so extraordinary, and so affecting as the following, which happened in Middle-town, in this county, the last week.

A young man by the name of Lemuel Stoddard, of that town, had paid his constant addresses to a young girl, whose parents were neighbours, for a considerable time, till at length matrimony was mutually agreed to; consent of parents was given, and the day was fixed, when the young votaries were to be united in marriage. But here we must record the doleful tale.—The day arrived, when their parents and friends expected to witness a pleasant scene. But a trivial excuse was made for the delay. In the evening the young man paid his female friend a final visit, at her father's house—when he related to her that he had for some time been suspicious that her attachment to him was indifferent, that her chastity was not inviolate, and that a friend of his had now convinced him that his suspicions were not groundless. He continued to ob-

serve, that as nothing could dissuade him from the opinion he had formed, and that if he should marry her he would be miserable, and his attachment to her was still so fixed that he could not live happy without her. What next—Suicide, he thought, was the only alternative!—He proposed that she should depart with him, intimating that a far better world would receive them, where their spirits would dwell together in the same bonds of affection, which would distinguish them here. The young man then said he had procured laudanum sufficient to effect his purpose, and handing the credulous female a vial, and taking one himself, both swallowed the dose. But the girl sickened, and a discharge from the stomach saved her from a dreadful end.—The sleep of her anticipated companion was eternal. He died the next day, in the 20th year of his age.

The above particulars is related by the surviving female, whom it is thought is innocent, as to the charge which the deceased alleged against her.

[Vermont pap.]

MILFORD, May 10.

**Suicide.**—On the 8th inst. was found the dead body of a person, hanging upon a tree, about 45 years of age.—It appeared from the papers found with him, his name was John Adam Hartline, late from Canada; and that he had possessed considerable property. But being among strangers, destitute of friends and money, and reduced from affluence to want, he was induced in a fit of melancholy, to commit this fatal deed.

## ON FAME.

THE love of praise influences all mankind, and the greatest minds are the most susceptible of it. The philosophers who most preach up a contempt for fame, prefix their names to their works; and the very performances in which they deny ostentation, are evident proofs of their vanity, and love of praise. Virtue requires no other reward for all the toils and dangers to which she exposes herself, than that of fame and glory. Take away this flattering reward, and what would remain in the narrow career of life to prompt her exertions? If the mind could not launch into the prospect of futurity, or the operations of the soul were to be limited to the space that bounds those of the body, she would not weaken herself by constant fatigues, nor weary herself by continual watchings and anxieties; she would not think even life itself worthy of a struggle; but there lives in the breast of every good man, a principle which unceasingly prompts and inspires him to the pursuit of a fame beyond the present hour; a fame, not commensurate to our mortal existence, but co-extensive with the latest posterity.

## SMALL PROFITS.

A Quaker sold a piece of goods to a person, for which he asked two guineas, and on the gentleman's objection to the price, replied, "Indeed friend we cannot sell it for less, I only get two shillings and sixpence by thee;" on which the gentleman paid the money and departed: immediately one of the partners—of whom there were four—who had been standing near and heard the whole, said "friend Joel, did'st thou mistake when thou said two shillings and sixpence was the whole profit, thee knows we get ten shillings by the goods."—"True, (replied Joel,) but I said to the man I only get two shillings and sixpence by thee, which is the truth; then there is two shillings and six pence for thee, and the same for each of our friends."

TICKETS IN THE 14th CLASS LOTTERY  
FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF  
LITERATURE—For Sale at this Office.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

"Ye sticklers for honours and hoarders of wealth,  
Ye sportive and sprightly, with youth & with health,  
Pray trip it to Hymen, and no longer tarry;  
You'll ne'er get no more enjoy any bliss till you marry:  
And only reflect, if you do not soon go,  
That when you'd say yes, you'll find others say no."

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. John Van Pelt, to Miss Jane Woraman, both of Brooklyn, L. I.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abbel, Mr. Francis Peckwell, to Miss Eliza M. Beckman, daughter of Mr. William Beckman, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Phoebus, Mr. Abraham Russel, Jun. to Miss Sarah Carpenter, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Peter Riker, to Miss Sarah Eliza Meeks, daughter of Col. E. Meeks, all of this city.

## MORTALITY.

"Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
We rise—we break—and to that sea return."

## DIED.

On Sunday, in the 44th year of her age, Mrs. Jane Carnes, wife of John Carnes, measurer.

Of a consumption, on the 23d of April last, on board the ship *Samuel Elam*, from Batavia, Richard Sands, son of Comfort Sands, Esq.

Suddenly, on Thursday afternoon, Mr. William Arthur Foster, a native of Ireland.

On Thursday the 22d inst. Mrs. Ann Storry, wife of Mr. John Storry, merchant of this city.

Of a consumption, on the 18th inst. at Poughkeepsie, John W. Williams, Esq. of this city, aged 25 years.

A Sermon will be preached on Sunday evening next, at the Methodist Church in John-Street, at early candle light, by the Rev. Samuel Coate, who has the direction of the Missions to the French in Lower Canada, and a collection will be made for the support of the missionaries, and for building a Church in the City of Montreal, which it is contemplated will very much strengthen the establishment of the said missions: the aid of the Benevolent is solicited on this occasion.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. L.'s "Elegy on Miss Martin," is received and shall appear in our next.

## RICHARD MULHERAN.

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a neat assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths; second do. patten and common Cassimeers, Patent Cords, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands, Nankeens, Bandano Handkerchiefs, Mamoodies, Mow Sannas, Gurrals, white and black thread Laces, Calicoes, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambric Muslins, India Mulmul Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

898—tf.

## MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Teas—also, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

A convenient 2 story House to let No. 92, Liberty-street; enquire as above.

May 10, 1806.

899—tf.

## THE ENGLISH NUN.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A New and entertaining Novel,

ENTITLED

THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR THE

SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISA.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

The following beautiful Swiss song, from the pen of Mr. Brahms, was sung by Mrs. Jones, of this Theatre, with merited applause.

### DULCE DOMUM! (SWEET HOME)

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,  
Oft sought by travellers weary,  
And oft it provid'd the blest abode  
Of Edward and of Mary.

For her he'd chase the mountain goat,  
O'er Alps and glaciers bounding,  
For her the Chamois he would shoot,  
Dark horrors all surrounding.

But evening came, he sought his home,  
While, (anxious, lovely woman!)  
She hail'd the sight, and every night  
The cottage rung  
As they sung  
Oh! Dulce, Dulce Domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss  
Was chang'd to prospects dreary;  
For war and honor rous'd each Swiss,  
And Edward left his Mary.

To hold St. Co'hards height he rush'd  
Against Galian's sons contending,  
And by unequal numbers crush'd,  
He died, his land defending.

The evening comes! he sought not home,  
While she, (distracted woman!)  
Grown wild with dread,  
Now seeks him dead,  
And hears his knell  
That bids farewell  
To Dulce, Dulce Domum.

### ANACREONTIC.

BACCHUS! God of cheering wine!  
Shed on me each bliss benign;  
Thine are joys I dearly prize,  
From thy presence sorrow flies;  
Ever be it mine to prove,  
Friendship wine, and mutual love.

Does despair thy soul annoy,  
These shall rouse it into joy;  
And should grief with want appear,  
These shall check the rising tear;  
Of earthly pleasures let me prove,  
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

Still, the man who knows no feast,  
But when he sinks beneath the beast;  
Whom drunkenness alone can please,  
Who finds no joy in social ease;  
I pronounce unfit to prove,  
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

### EPIGRAM ON KILLING TIME.

KILL Time to day; and, to your sorrow,  
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow:  
Kill him again, in any way,  
He'll plague you still from day to day:  
Till in the end—as is most due—  
Whom oft you kill—at last kills you.

ANECDOTE.—The father of the late King of Portugal one day held an argument with the Marquis de Pontemar, on the power of kings; the latter maintained that it had limits—his sovereign would admit of none, and said to his courtier with great warmth,—"If I ordered you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought without hesitation to jump into it head foremost." The Marquis immediately turned short and went towards the door. The King surprised, asked him where he was going. "To learn to swim, Sir." The King laughed heartily, and the conversation ended.

## MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises **PHYSIC**, and the profession of **SURGEON DENTIST**. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved **CHIRURGICAL** principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his **ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER**, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane. July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

## WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

**SILK, COTTON, & WOOLLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER**, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camelhair Shawls cleaned and callendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate. N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing always upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale. June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

## Alexander Saunders & John Leonard,

Having entered into Copartnership, informs their friends and the public, that the business will in future be conducted under the firm of

### SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

At their manufactory of Leghorn Hats and Bonnets, No. 104 Maiden-lane,

Where they offer for Sale, on moderate terms:

24 boxes Leghorn Hats, just received via Boston Willow and Kane Squares, assorted Leghorn Bonnets, of all sizes and qualities Ditto, Gypsie Hats do. Men's Leghorn Hats, green under Straw Lace, Cords, and Tassels American and English covered Wire,

With a general and elegant assortment of articles in the **MILLENARY LINE**, by wholesale only.

## J. OSBORN'S, CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

Is removed to 13 Park, next door to the Shakespeare Gallery. He has just received from London all the late Novels and Romances, not before in the collection. All the new British and American publications, not strictly professional, are always added to the Library, as soon as possible; and more than thirty of the best English periodical works may be read, at less expense than the annual subscription to one alone would cost.

May 10, 1805.

899—tf.

**FILES, OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM, FOR 1805; Newly Bound; For Sale at this Office.**

## A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

**N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER**

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles. Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square. Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. 6d. e, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per-box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold. Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

\* \* The best arranged Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 5, 1805. 853. 1y.

## JABESH PELL,

**CITY SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES**, Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 157 Front-street, to 183 Water-street, one door east of Burling-slip, where he keeps on hand a large assortment of Scales and Weights—also, Measures of copper, pewter and tin—likewise, Copper Stills, Copper Cranes, Dyers Kettles, Hatters' Kettles, Copper Tea-kettles, Sheet-Iron Tea-kettles and Sauspans, with a general assortment of Tin-wares; all of which he will sell at the lowest price.

N. B. Weights and Measures sealed at the shortest notice.

May 10, 1805.

899—4\*

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.



# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 17—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1806.

NO. 903.

## CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

A TALE.—Continued.

AFTER expressing my gratitude in the strongest terms which language could dictate, I intreated him to inform me what had occasioned that agitation which, upon his return home, I had observed; expressing my fears, that it had arisen from his conversation with Darnley; and on my knees implored him not to let me return to school. He acknowledged that some warm words had passed between himself and Darnley, in consequence of his having expressed a doubt of the illegitimacy of my birth; and informed me, that he had made a proposition of taking that charge of my education upon himself; but to this proposal he had positively objected; although he complained of my putting him to a very great expence. They parted, however, upon good terms; and Darnley gave Doctor C— a promise that I should always pass the vacations at his house; and as he could not claim any authority over me, he endeavoured to reconcile me to the idea of returning to school, faithfully promising openly to espouse my interest, the moment he received a reply from his friend at New-York.

With a sorrowful heart I bade adieu to my benefactor; and a foreboding dread of some new misfortune overwhelmed my mind. I could not banish from my recollection the contents of that fatal letter; and the idea of being in the power of a wretch so unprincipled as Heron, occasioned a depression of spirits I was unable to conceal. The man who attended me, observing my agitation, in a voice of sympathy, requested me not to weep. "You have lost a kind friend, (said he,) to be sure, Master Henry; and you have a foe, I doubt, to deal with; but you must put your trust in God."

"Yes, Christopher, I will, (I replied with increased agitation:) but do you know who that foe is?" "I will mention no names, (replied the honest fellow;) but servants, you know, as well as their masters, have ears. Not that I'd have you think that I am a listener; but things sometimes come out in an odd kind of way." Upon my promising never to reveal what he told me, and imploring him not to torture me with suspense, he told me, he had overheard his master, with some person whom he could not distinguish, as it was nearly dark; and though my name was not mentioned, he could not help thinking I was the cause of the dispute. He could only, he said, now and then catch a few words; but the man wanted more money than his master was willing to give; and frequently heard him make use of the expression, that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush; and that he'd blow them all to the devil, before he'd wait for his money till the boy was fourteen. Some other expressions each party made use of, which convinced the poor fellow their disagreement was about me; and, in return for this mark of confidence, I told him of the letter which I had accidentally seen, and implored him, upon his return, to make Doctor C— acquainted with the conversation

which he had heard. Christopher promised to gratify my wishes, and to watch every opportunity of discovering something more; then shaking me cordially by the hand, declared he would stand by me to the very day of his death.

Charles Heron flew out to meet me upon seeing the horses stop at the door; and informed me his father would not return until the following week; which intelligence confirmed me in the opinion, that he was the person with whom Christopher had accidentally heard his master converse. Three months passed away without any thing material occurring to me, when early one morning I beheld Dr. C— looking over the wall of the play-ground. Fearful of being detected, he threw a letter to me, desiring an answer might be in readiness at the same hour the following day. The contents of the letter overwhelmed me with sorrow; it informed me, that my friend had consented to accompany a young gentleman abroad, whose delicate state of health demanded the attendance of a physician, and that in all probability two years would elapse before his return. He likewise informed me, that the reply from his correspondent at New-York would be punctually forwarded; assured me that my interest and happiness were as dear to him as if I was his son; inclosed me his address; desired me to write with punctuality, and relate the most minute incident that might occur.

Every hope of being restored to my just rights instantly vanished. I was about to lose the only friend I had in the world; and I was completely in the power of two designing villains, who with impunity might prosecute their iniquitous designs. The first idea that struck me, was to avoid persecution by an immediate flight; but where was I to direct my course? how provide for the wants of nature? or who would offer an asylum to a creature so friendless as myself? The advantages which are to be derived from a good education, by this mode of conduct would totally be lost; for though I had availed myself of my master's instructions, yet I was persuaded I had still much to learn. I resolved, therefore, to submit to my destiny; and, as Christopher had advised me, place my confidence in God. The Christmas vacation came, but no intelligence from Darnley. My master's behaviour towards me had undergone a total change since the death of my benefactress, whose loss I had daily more reason to regret. Heron, as was customary with him at the holidays, set out upon an excursion to visit his friends, leaving his son and myself tasks to accomplish which completely occupied all our time. Charles considered this conduct as a hardship; but, anxious as I was for the improvement of my mind, I submitted to it unrepiningly, pleased at the idea of increasing that store of knowledge by which I hoped to obtain my bread.

Upon the pedagogue's return, I was treated with greater unkindness than I had been before the holidays commenced: the most trifling fault was punished with severity, yet Charles was the only friend to whom I could complain. Partners in affliction, our friendship each day became stronger, until the period arrived when I was

drawing near fourteen; a term of years which I looked forward to with a foreboding kind of horror, which it would be difficult for the power of language to describe. Doctor C— had been absent upwards of three years; during that period I had not received a single line; I had seen Darnley once; but his behaviour was so appalling, that I sincerely hoped never to behold him again.

Heron's conduct to his son was so oppressively tyrannical, that he at length formed the resolution of going to sea; but was too useful in the school, to expect that his father would ever consent to the adoption of this plan. Still however, he was resolved to adopt this project, and only waited for an opportunity to put it into effect. One afternoon, about the middle of October, he was sent to a farmer's, who resided at the distance of four miles, to receive a bill for his son's board, and evening advancing rather quicker than he expected, he unfortunately lost his way. Alarmed at his situation, (for he was completely bewildered,) his fears were augmented at indistinctly beholding something a few yards before him move; and, appalled by a variety of fearful sensations, he involuntarily crept behind a bush. The figure approached—he clearly perceived it; for he drew a small lantern from under his coat; and with rapid steps darted forward, muttering curses as he went on, Charles followed at a respectful distance. Another object soon appeared; and he distinctly heard him pronounce the name of "Darnley;" and "To-morrow evening at half past nine o'clock." An altercation then took place about money; but their conversation was low, and intermingled with such horrid oaths, that he could not connect a single word that he heard; but as they were about to separate, one enquired of the other, "What is his age?" "Fourteen, (was the answer;) and a damned stout fellow he is, and will answer our purpose as well as twenty-five."

The light which had issued from the lantern, gave the petrified lad an opportunity of observing the road; and, full of terror lest I was the person they alluded to, he ran or rather flew, until he arrived home. We slept in the same apartment. The boys had been in bed more than an hour; but my mind was too much occupied in reflecting upon my forlorn situation, for me to obtain the blessing of repose. Charles approached the bed, and in a low accent, inquired whether I slept; and upon being answered in the negative, he burst into a flood of tears.

Astonished at this unusual agitation, I implored him to make me acquainted with the cause; when he immediately repeated what my readers have already heard. Though I had sacredly observed the promise I had given the worthy physician, yet, in the confidence of friendship, I had imparted the contents of Darnley's letter to this amiable boy, who, shocked at the depravity of his father's conduct, lamented their being so nearly allied. What was to be done to avoid the snare evidently spread for me? Charles declared his resolution of sharing my fate; yet the only way of preserving my freedom, appeared to be running away.

Though prudence and economy are seldom thought of during the period of youth, yet, from